YOUNGBLOOD #5
"...AND ALL THE STARS ITS PASTURE." (24 PAGES)

PAGE 1.
PANEL 1.
A TWO PANEL PAGE. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT WITH THE LAYOUT THIS ISSUE, IF YOU'RE COMFORTABLE WITH THAT, STEVE. TAKING A CUE FROM JIM STERANKO'S OLD "CHANDLER" TRADE PAPERBACK, I THINK THAT WHERE POSSIBLE THIS ISSUE WE SHOULD HAVE A STATIC AND REGULAR LAYOUT OF TWO EQUALLY SIZED TALL VERTICAL PANELS ON EVERY PAGE, DIVIDING THE PAGE VERTICALLY. WE WILL OF COURSE VARY THIS TO ALLOW FOR SINGLE AND DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH PANELS, BUT I THINK IT WILL KEEP A NICE STEADY RHYTHM TO THE STORY TELLING IF WE KEEP WITH THE REGULAR TWO PANEL FORMAT AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE DOWN IN THE STREETS OF A SPRAWLING MODERN CITY...MAYBE WASHINGTON OR NEW YORK...AND IT IS NIGHT TIME. WE ARE LOOKING UP BETWEEN THE TALL BUILDINGS THAT LOOM ON EITHER SIDE IN STEEP PERSPECTIVE TOWARDS THE STARRY SKY ABOVE. DOWN IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND WE MAYBE SEE PEOPLE DOWN IN THE CANYON OF THE STREET WHO ARE POINTING UP AND AWAY FROM US IN ALARM TOWARDS THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE THEM IN THE BACKGROUND. UP THE SKY, TRAVELLING ON A DAMAGED TRAJECTORY THAT WILL BRING ITS IMMENSE BULK STRAIGHT DOWN TOWARDS US AND THE STREET WE ARE GAZING UP FROM, WE SEE A BADLY BATTERED KATELLAN SPACECRAFT OF THE TYPE THAT WE SAW *KOMBAT* IN LAST ISSUE. IT NEEDN'T BE TERRIBLY HUGE HERE, SINCE IT IS STILL SOME WAY OFF, HIGH UP THE SKY, BUT IT IS AT LEAST BIG ENOUGH FOR US AND THE ALARMED LOOKING PEOPLE IN THE STREET TO TELL THAT ITS SOME SORT OF BIG ALIEN SPACE VESSEL THAT'S ON A CRASH COURSE WITH THE CITY. MOST OF THE STORY THIS ISSUE IS TOLD IN FIRST PERSON CAPTIONS BELONGING TO KOMBAT HIMSELF. IF TODD WANTS TO GIVE THEM A SPECIAL LETTERING STYLE OF CAPTION BORDER, THAT'S UP TO HIM.

CAPTION : Where I was born was in IZBASTIK, in the South of the Lower VASH Province, UNUSKO.

CAPTION : The Unusko Office of Truthful Self-Praising says that Izbastik is "A stoical and independent rural territory, thrice-blessed with rare mineral wealth!"

CAPTION : What this means, of course, is "Do not drink the water, it is radioactive."

CAPTION : Also in Izbastik, we have sometimes Earthquakes and a type of moth that gets everywhere and stinks so bad it spoils the food.

PANEL 2.
NOW WE ARE INSIDE THE STRANGELY DESIGNED CONTROL CABIN OF THE KATELLAN SHIP AS IT PLUNGES THROUGH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE ON ITS COLLISON COURSE. HANGING IN SOME SORT OF WEIRD HARNESS UP IN THE FOREGROUND IS *KOMBAT*, BUT SINCE HE IS WEARING SOME SORT OF BIG AND CLUNKY KATELLAN DEEP SPACE SUIT, WE MAY NOT IMMEDIATELY RECOGNISE HIM. BOTH HIM AND THE COCKPIT THAT HE'S

PAGE 1.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

IN LOOK PRETTY BEATEN UP. THE WIRING IS SMOULDERING AND SPARKING IN PLACES AND IN GENERAL IT LOOKS PRETTY HELLISH. THE CRAFT IS OBVIOUSLY STARTING TO BREAK UP AS IT DESCENDS. ON A NUMBER OF CURIOUSLY SHAPED SCREENS HANGING IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, BOTH WE AND THE DANGLING KOMBAT CAN SEE STEEP PERSPECTIVE SHOTS OF THE BUILDINGS BELOW AS THEY RUSH UP TOWARDS US. THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY BAD MOMENT IN MOTORING.

CAPTION : We men of the Low Vash think nothing of such hardships. We are made strong by our famous sense of VEMI-GORAN.

CAPTION : Vemi-Goran does not translate exactly, but means something similar to "Constant and strangely self-satisfied state of depression."

CAPTION : When I learned our Galaxy was doomed to horrible annihilation, it was my Vemi-Goran that gave me comfort.

CAPTION : I repeated to myself the folk sayings that have served my countrymen through nine wars, the violet plague of '035, and a brief nuclear winter:

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FULL PAGE SPLASH PICTURE. FROM AN ELEVATED ANGLE, WE SEE THE HUGE AND BATTERED-LOOKING ALIEN SPACESHIP AS IT CRASH LANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BROAD, SKYSCRAPER LINED STREET, BY NIGHT. THERES LOTS OF TINY PEOPLE RUNNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS TO GET OUT FROM UNDER IT AS IT CRASHES, AND ALSO TINY PARKED CARS AND OTHER HOPEFULLY EMPTY VEHICLES BEING BOWLED OVER AND CRUSHED AS THE SHIP SMASHES DOWN ON TOP OF THEM. MAYBE A GIGANTIC FIN-LIKE PROTRUBERANCE SHEERS THROUGH ONE OF THE ADJOINING GLASS-SIDED SKYSCRAPERS. PERHAPS POLICE COPTERS AND TELEVISION TRAFFIC COPTERS VEER AND SWERVE UP IN THE FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND, TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE WAY AS THE SHIP SMASHES DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE STREET, GOUGING UP CONCRETE AND MAINS PIPES AS IF THEY WERE SOIL AND ROOTS BEFORE A PLOUGH. THE YOUNGBLOOD LOGO AND TITLES GO DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE SOMEWHERE.

CAPTION : "Would you not know it?"

CAPTION : "I have always said that this would happen."

CAPTION : "Is that not typical?"

LOGO : ***YOUNGBLOOD***

TITLE : ***"...AND ALL THE STARS ITS PASTURE!"***

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH TWO VERTICAL PANELS. IN THIS FIRST ONE WE ARE DOWN AT STREET LEVEL, WITH THE CRASHED CRAFT HULKING IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE VERY BOTTOM FOREGROUND WE CAN SEE THE HEADS OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE CROWD THAT ARE

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

PUSHING FORWARD TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE WRECKED SPACECRAFT. JUSY BEYOND THESE, ALSO UP IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE MIDDLE-SIZED BIG BROTHER AS HE FACES US AND THE SURGING CROWD, MAYBE HOLDING UP ONE HUGE PALM AS HE GENTLY PUSHES THE CROWD BACK FROM THE CRASH SITE. LOOKING BEYOND HIM WE SEE THE REST OF YOUNGBLOOD AS THEY CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE CRASHED VEHICLE. MAYBE SHAFT AND TWILIGHT ARE ALREADY CLIMBING ITS DENTED SIDES TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT, WHILE DOC ROCKET STREAKS TOWARDS IT FROM ONE SIDE AND JOHNNY PANIC LOOKS ON FROM A SAFE DISTANCE WITH A CAUTIOUS EXPRESSION OF MISTRUST. SUPREMA HOVERS OVERHEAD, GLIDING DOWN TOWARDS THE SPACECRAFT AS WE SEE HER HERE. YOUNGBLOOD HAVE OBVIOUSLY BEEN CALLED IN TO DEAL WITH THIS MAJOR URBAN DISASTER AND INVESTIGATE THIS CRASHED CRAFT OF UNKNOWN EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.

CAPTION : When the High Council notified me of the fact that I had volunteered to come to Earth for help, I was not surprised.

CAPTION : My Race does not find it an easy thing to seek another's help, even if, for example, we are starving or have gangrene.

CAPTION : I, however, have travelled widely and am more broadminded in my attitude. Also, I have friends on Earth who will be pleased to see me.

CAPTION : My Earth friend JEFTER-RELL said I should "drop by sometime", a phrase by which the Earth people convey much sincerity and enthusiasm.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE UP ON THE TOP SIDE OF THE CRASHED CRAFT. RIGHT UP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND WE SEE A SCORCHED AND BATTERED HATCH BEING OPENED OUTWARD FROM THE CRAFT SO THAT THE HATCH TOP IS TOWARDS US AND ALL WE CAN SEE OF WHOVER IS OPENING THE HATCH FROM INSIDE IS PERHAPS ONE OF HIS ARMS, WHICH LOOK STRANGE INSIDE THE PECULIAR ALIEN DEEP SPACE SUIT THAT WE SAW BACK ON PAGE ONE. LOOKING IMMEDIATELY BEYOND THIS WE SEE A STARTLED LOOKING TWILIGHT AND SHAFT, ALREADY CLIMBING THER SIDES OF THE CRAFT TOWARDS US, AS THEY FALL BACK SLIGHTLY IN ALARM AND SURPRISE, BOTH GAPING UP AT THE OPEN HATCH IT THE FOREGROUND AND WHATEVER THEY CAN SEE COMING OUT OF IT. LOOKING DOWN BEYOND THE CRAFT INTO THE UPPER BACKGROUND OF THE PANEL WE SEE SUPREMA HOVERING IN THE AIR LOOKING CONCERNED WHILE THE OTHER YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS ARE VISIBLE DOWN ON THE GROUND BENEATH HERIN THE BACKGROUND, WITH BIG BROTHER STILL KEEPING THRE CROWDS BACK. EVERYONE IS LOOKING WITH SURPRISE AND ASTONISHMENT TOWARDS THE OPEN HATCH AND WHATEVER IS EMERGING FROM IT.

PAGE 3.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

CAPTION : Also, I have many other useful and unique skills that no doubt have played a part in my selection.

CAPTION : Firstly, there are my skills both as a pilot and a navigator, that have helped me reach the Earth intact and without mishap.

CAPTION : Secondly, there is the matter of my grooming and appearance. Being very handsome and presentable, I will not frighten the Earth people I encounter.

CAPTION : Finally, as a trained speaker, I will be able to deliver my message calmly, clearly, and with complete objectivity.

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST TALL PANEL, WE REVERSE ANGLE FROM OUR LAST SHOT SO THAT NOW WE ARE HALFWAY UP THE SIDE OF THE DAMAGED SHIP, LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE HATCH, WHICH IS NOW OPENED AWAY FROM US, SO THAT THE HATCH NO LONGER CONCEALS THE EMERGING FIGURE FROM OUR VIEW. IN THE FOEREGROUND, FACING AWAY FROM US, TWILIGHT AND SHAFT GAZE UP AT THE EMRGING FIGURE IN SLACK JAWED AMAZEMENT, AS MAYBE DOES SUPREMA, IF WE CAN SEE HER HANGING IN THE AIR SOMEWHERE. EMERGING FROM THE HATCH WITH HIS HELMET EITHER OPENED OR ELSE SHATTERED SO THAT WE CAN SEE HIS BRUISED AND DAZED FACE WITH ITS HAUNTED AND SLEEPLESS EYES, WE SEE ***KOMBAT***. HE LOOKS HALF CRAZED AFTER HIS LONG AND FEVERISH JOURNEY, AND HE ALSO LOOKS ON THE POINT OF PHYSICAL COLLAPSE. HE HOLDS UP ONE TREMBLING HAND AS HE SPEAKS, HIS LEGS ALREADY STARTING TO BUCKLE AS HE CLIMBS UP OUT OF THE HATCH.

KOMBAT : URRRGGHHH...

KOMBAT : I-It's COMING! DOOMED! Everything's DOOMED!

KOMBAT : The GOAT.

KOMBAT : I-It's the GOAT!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE BEWILDERED LOOKING YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS GAZE DOWN AT KOMBAT'S NOW-UNCONSCIOUS BODY AS THE HUGE SUDDENLY COLLAPSES FACE DOWN OVER THE HULL OF HIS CRAFT. SHAFT, TWILIGHT, SUPREMA AND WHOEVER ELSE MIGHT HAVE LOOMED INTO VIEW FOR A LOOK-SEE JUST GAZE AT THE UNCONSCIOUS ALIEN IN COMPLETE INCOMPREHENSION.

CAPTION : After I had completed the requested delivery of information, I decided to take my allocated rest-period,.

CAPTION : I am entitled to this under clause seven of my employment contract, and have many backdated rest-periods owing to me.

CAPTION : This can be confirmed by my supervisor, if necessary.

PAGE 5.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE CUT TO SOME SORT OF SICKBAY AT YOUNGBLOOD HEADQUARTERS, WHERE WE SEE KOMBAT STRIPPED OF HIS SCORCHED AND DAMAGED SPACE SUIT AND RESTING IN A ULTRA HIGH-TECH HOSPITAL BED, TALKING WITH THE VARIOUS MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD WHO SURROUND THE BED, LISTENING WITH INTEREST. MAYBE WE SEE A VERY PROFESSIONAL LOOKING RACHEL OVER TO ONE SIDE, JUST PULLING OFF A USED RUBBER GLOVE, AS IF SHE HAS JUST CONDUCTED AN EXAMINATION ON THE KATELLAN. EVERYONE IS VERY INFORMAL HERE. IF LEONARD IS PRESENT, HE IS IN HIS WHEELCHAIR. TWILIGHT SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE VISIBLEM, SITTING BY THE BED AND LISTENING, AS SHOULD SHAFT.

CAPTION : When I regained consciousness, I was in the Headquarters of Jefter's new YOUNGBLOOD organization.

CAPTION : One of them, who is a doctor named Rocket, had treated my wounds. Jefter still leads the team, but everyone else is new.

CAPTION : There is one female who I embarrassed myself by referring to as "Vogue", before she told me her name was "Twilight".

CAPTION : Unlike many of the Low Vash, I am not a reactionary bigot, but I am ashamed to confess that most Baldbacks look alike to me.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE AN OPEN CAVITY IN THE CHEST OF THE LARGEST BIG BROTHER ROBOT, WITH THE BAY DOORS OPENED IN THE BACKGROUND GIVING US A VIEW DOWN ONTO LEONARD'S HUGE WORKSHOP WHERE THE OTHER BIG BROTHERS STAND AROUND, INERT. LEONARD IS UP IN THE FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, LOOKING PISSED OFF, AS USUAL. KOMBAT ALSO STANDS SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE TECH-LINED FOREGROUND CAVITY, LOADING SOME CRATES OF EQUIPMENT ONTO THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER. LOOKING OUT INTO THE WORKSHOP BEYOND WE CAN SEE SUPREMA FLYING THROUGH THE AIR CARRYING A CRATE, AND MAYBE THE OTHER TEAM MEMBERS ALSO WORKING AT ASSEMBLING SUPPLIES FOR THE JOURNEY AND LOADING THEM ABOARD THE BIGGEST BROTHER IN THE FOREGROUND.

CAPTION : Once I'd outlined our difficulties, they agreed to help in any way they could. I rejoiced loudly and thanked them, speaking confidently of our success.

CAPTION : Privately, of course, we are as good as dead. There are only six of them. The old Youngblood was more like an army. Ah, well.

CAPTION : Since my own spacecraft had not survived my landing we prepared one of Youngblood's own vehicles for interstellar travel. It is a most unusual vessel.

CAPTION : It's pilot, Len-Arrdoyle says little. I think that perhaps he is a very lazy man, for he is always sitting down.

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FULL PAGE PANEL. WE SHOW A SPECTACULAR SHOT OF THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER AS HE BLASTS OFF INTO SPACE, SOARING FREE OF

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

EARTHS ATMOSPHERE WITH HIS SEARCHLIGHT EYES BLAZING AND LIFTING OFF INTO THE STAR-SPANGLED VOID, WITH STARS AND NEBULAE SWIRLING IN THE BACKGROUND. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WE ALSO SEE SUPREMA AS SHE SWOOPS INSPIRINGLY ALONG SOMEWHERE BESIDE BIG BROTHER BUT NEARER TO US. SHE LOOKS GORGEOUS AS HER AND THE GIANT ROBOT BREAK FREE OF GRAVITY AND RISE INTO THE INFINITE COSMOS.

CAPTION : The craft, shaped like a giant biped, is called a "Big Brother", and is very spacious.

CAPTION : I myself have a private chamber approximately where one would expect to find the left kidney.

CAPTION : Thus it was that we left Earth for far Katella. In this we were aided by a Youngblood member named "Suprema"...or so I am told.

CAPTION : They say that she is able to fly unprotected in space, and that she has physically pushed our ship until it has reached light-speed.

CAPTION : This, I think, is a big joke that they are having on me. "Kombat is a big, dumb Katellan", they think. "We will fool him."

CAPTION : The joke is on them, of course. They have unknowingly named their imposter after the mythical interstellar Goddess of Mercy and Justice, blessed Suprema.

CAPTION : When they tell me, I ask them if their Earthman Jeez-Uskrist is perhaps working in the engine room?

CAPTION : As is usual when I joke, everyone just stares at me. Once again, my sophisticated Katellan humor is above their heads,

PAGE 7.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP AS IT MOVES THROUGH SPACE. KOMBAT AND THE SIX YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS (OR AS MANY AS YOU FEEL LIKE DRAWING) ARE JUST LOUNGING AROUND CASUALLY AND SHOOTING THE SHIT WITH HIM, TALKING AND LISTENING. ALONG WITH COMBAT, SHAFT SHOULD BE VISIBLE AND SO SHOULD TWILIGHT. MAYBE LEONARD SITS AT A CONSOLE SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. OTHERWISE, UP TO YOU, AS IS THE ANGLE THAT WE VIEW THE GROUP FROM.

CAPTION : We are many days together on the Brother-ship, upon its journey to Katella, and we have a chance to talk and know each other.

CAPTION : Jefter tells me SENTINEL escaped from prison, where he was placed for the murder of Leann-Acreel. They should have executed him. Katellans would have.

CAPTION : Badrock is in moving picture films, I hear. The others are all scattered far across the Earth.

CAPTION : Jefter himself seems well. His scent tells me he is attracted to the female called Twilight, a plain, thin girl, unsuited to child-bearing.

PAGE 7.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE IN ONE OF THE SHIP'S CABINS, AND THERE IS CLEARLY SOME SORT OF PARTY GOING ON. UP IN THE COVER, JOHNNY PANIC IS HELPLESS WITH IRRESPONSIBLE LAUGHTER. MAYBE EVEN LEONARD AND TWILIGHT ARE SORT OF HALF-SMIRKING. THERE ARE PERHAPS SOME OF JOHNNY'S GLASS DRUG-PHIALS LYING AROUND USED AND EMPTY. KOMBAT IS LYING ON HIS BACK ON THE FLOOR, OBVIOUSLY IN SOME STATE OF HEAVY INTOXICATION. DOC ROCKET IS TRYING TO ATTEND TO HIM IN HER CAPACITY AS DOCTOR, BUT SHE IS SIMULTANEOUSLY HAVING TO FIGHT HIM OFF AS HE TRIES TO THROUGH HIS HUGE HAIRY ARM AROUND HER NECK AND KISS HER. SHAFT STANDS TO ONE SIDE OF THE BACKGROUND, POINTING ACCUSINGLY TOWARDS JOHNNY IN THE FOREGROUND AS HE BAWLS HIM OUT, WITH SHAFT LOOKING VERY ANGRY AS HE DOES SO. SUPREMA ALSO STAND IN THE BACKGROUND, ARMS FOLDED STIFFLY IN FRONT OF HER AS SHE LOOKS ON WITH A DISAPPROVING FROWN. KOMBAT IS COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS MIND.

CAPTION : Shortly before reaching Katella's home-stars, I succumb to boredom when a Youngblood member called Jo-Neepanik invited me to a party in his cabin.

CAPTION : He tells me he has many interesting alkaloids which he would like to test upon my obvioulsy superior Katellan nervous system.

CAPTION : Later, I find myself begging to perform sacred rituals of a sexual nature with the Rocket-doctor, who I have somehow mistaken for my Grandmother.

CAPTION : Some of the crew are amused by this, but Jefter is very angry. Clearly once my mission is concluded, I must honorably kill myself.

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE HAVE AN EXTERIOR SHOT OF BIG BROTHER AS IT DRIFTS THROUGH DEEP SPACE, IN A SEMI-UPRIGHT POSITION HERE, SO THAT HE ALMOST LOOKS LIKE A GIANT DEEP SEA DIVER IN A PRESSURE SUIT, MOVING THROUGH THE STARRY BLACKNESS OF SPACE AS IF IT WERE THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN. PASING BIG BROTHER GOING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION ARE SCORES OF KATELLAN SPACECRAFT, ALL MUCH SMALLER THAT THE COLLOSSAL BIG BROTHER. THEY FLY PAST HIM AT WAIST LEVEL, AS IF HE WERE WADING THROUGH A SHOAL OF BRIGHT LITTLE METAL FISHES.

CAPTION : This, of course, will in all likelihood not prove necessary.

CAPTION : On the twelth day of our journey to Katella, we met most of my fellow Katellans heading in the opposite direction.

CAPTION : This is terrible, as it implies my people have decided to evacuate Katella and abandon our beloved homeworld to its fate.

CAPTION : Is that not typical?

CAPTION : I have always said that this would happen.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN ON THE SURFACE OF THE KATELLAN HOMEWORLD,

PAGE 8.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

WHICH I DON'T KNOW IF ROB HAS SHOWN ANYWHERE PREVIOUSLY, BUT WHICH WE OTHERWISE SEE HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME AS FAR AS I KNOW. I SEE IT AS A SPLENDID AND ADVANCED WORLD THAT IS OBVIOUSLY VERY BIG AND GRAND AND POWERFUL, BUT WHICH HAS A TOUCH OF WONDERFUL BARBARISM ABOUT ITS ARCHITECTURE. IF YOU IMAGINE A BIGGER, ALIEN VERSION OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF RUSSIA THEN YOU'LL BE IN THE RIGHT BALLPARK. HERE, THE LANDSCAPE THAT WE SEE APPEARS TO BE COMPLETELY DESERTED. THE BROAD HIGHWAYS HAVE ONLY STILL AND ABANDONED VEHICLES LYING MOTIONLESS UPON THEM. THE CITY IS EMPTY. STANDING IN THE MIDST OF THIS EERIE, MOONLIT SILENCE WE SEE THE HUGE FORM OF BIG BROTHER, TURNING HIS HEAD TO ONE SIDE AS HE SCANS THE GHOSTLY DESOLATION. THE ONLY MOVING THING IN THE STREETS IS LITTER. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE THE NIGHT SKY HANGING OVER KATELLA, WHICH IS DARK WITH ONLY A FEW STARS. BIG BROTHER IS PRETTY BIG HERE, FILLING MOST OF THE FOREGROUND.

CAPTION : When we landed on Katella, it was empty. Everyone had gone. Can our task truly be that hopeless?

CAPTION : This is a rhetorical question. Our task is, of course, EASILY that hopeless. Frankly, I'm surprised it is not MORE hopeless.

CAPTION : The very stars I played beneath when I was but a cub are going out.

CAPTION : The stars themselves, in our religion of the Low Vash, are said to be ZAMLIKI, the very spirits of Hope.

CAPTION : If they are extinguished, so too is Hope extinguished.

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SIMPLY PULL UP AND BACK FROM THE SHOT WE SHOWED IN PANEL TWO ON PAGE EIGHT. WE ARE NOW ABOVE THE CITY, LOOKING DOWN AT THE LIFELESS, EMPTY ROADS AND BUILDINGS. STANDING OVER THE CITY LIKE A SOLEMN CVOLOSSUS WE HAVE BIG BROTHER, MUCH SMALLER NOW BUT STILL HUGE ENOUGH TO BE VERY VISIBLE EVEN AT THIS HEIGHT. BEYOND THE HORIZON WE CAN SEE KATELLA'S MOONS, AND PERHAPS THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF A FEW DISTANT PLANETS OR STARS SUSPENDED IN THE DEEP INDIGO OF THE NIGHT SKY.

CAPTION : I have been considering our dilemma. It would seem to me a problem born out of the way all life regards the Universe.

CAPTION : When we were in our prehistoric caves, the rocks and trees around us were merely the timeless landscape that we lived in.

CAPTION : Then the way we saw things changed, and we began to realise that we could use the rocks to build; the trees to burn.

CAPTION : This is, surely, inevitable. Any developing life-form, I think, would do much the same thing.

PAGE 9.

PANEL 2.

SAME SHOT, BUT WE CONTINUE TO PULL UP AND BACK. NOW WE THE CITY IS REDUCED TO A GRID, WAY, WAY BELOW US. WE CAN STILL SEE THE SOLITARY FIGURE OF BIG BROTHER, BUT WE ARE SO FAR AWAY AND HIGH ABOVE NOW THAT EVEN HE IS REDUCED TO A TINY, ALMOST ANT LIKE FIGURE. WE CAN NOW SEE THE BAY BEYOND THE CITY, AND THE CURVE OF THE PLANET IS VISIBLE IN THE HORIZON. BEYOND THAT HORIZON WE STILL SEE THE MOON AND A FEW DISTANT STARS, BUT MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THE SKY UP AT THE UPPER CORNERS OF THE PANEL HERE. IT SORT OF LOOKS LIKE THERE IS A KIND OF HALF-DEVELOPED PHOTOGRAPH OF SOMETHING MACHINE LIKE, BUT SO FAINT AND BLURRED AS TO BE INDECIPHERABLE, SUPERIMPOSED UPON THE STARS..OR, TO BE MORE PRECISE, AS IF IT WERE *BEHIND* THE STARS. HERE, IT IS LITTLE MORE THAT AN ANNOYING AND PUZZLING BLURRY AREA UP TOWARDS THE TOP CORNERS OF THE PANEL.

CAPTION : Centuries pass. One day, someone looks at the mountains and thinks "They're very pretty, but useless. Let's demolish them, for their mineral wealth."

CAPTION : This is only sensible. Centuries pass, and one day someone looks at the Moon, thinking "It's very beautiful, but what a waste of precious ore."

CAPTION : And so the Moon is strip-mined. This is not unreasonable. As I say, it is how life sees the Universe, as an infinite resource.

CAPTION : And then one day, someone looks up and says "Ah! See the stars! How lovely...but what are they FOR?"

PAGES 10 & 11.

PANEL 1.

NOW WE HAVE A SINGLE IMAGE THAT TAKES UP THE WHOLE OF THIS DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD. WE HAVE PULLED EVEN FURTHER BACK FROM THE IMAGES ON OUR PREVIOUS PAGE, SO THAT NOW WE CAN SEE THE WHOLE OF THE PLANET KATELLA, ALONG WITH THE MONS, OTHER PLANETS AND DISTANT STARS THAT ARE VISIBLE BEYOND IT. THIS IS SOMEWHERE TOWARDS ROUGHLY THE CENTRE OF THIS DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD. *BEHIND* THE PLANET, TAKING UP ALMOST THE WHOLE OF THE BACKGROUND, WE FINALLY SEE ***THE GOAT***. THE GOAT IS AN INCONCEIVABLY MASSIVE HULK OF COMPLEX AND HORRIBLE-LOOKING MACHINERY THAT IS ACTUALLY SEVERAL TIMES BIGGER THAT OUR CURRENT SOLAR SYSTEM. I DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T ACTUALLY RESEMBLE ANY LIVING CREATURE, OR ANY OTHER MACHINE THAT THE READER HAS EVER SEEN OR IMAGINED FOR THAT MATTER. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF GIANT CIRCULAR APERTURES ON THE FRONT OF THE MACHINE'S SUSPENDED MASS, DESIGNED TO SUCK IN STELLAR AND PLANETARY MATTER FOR CONVERSION WITHIN THE GOAT'S INTERIOR WORKINGS. MAYBE EVEN AS WE SEE THE NIGHTMARISHLY BIG MACHINE HERE THERE ARE NEBULA-CLOUDS OF STARS BEING SUCKED INTO THESE HOLES IN GREAT, WINDING, TWINKLING RIBBONS. IN WHATEVER AREA OF THE PAGE REMAINS THAT

PAGES 10 & 11.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

IS ACTUALLY BEHIND THE GOAT HERE (I.E., NOT VERY MUCH AT ALL) WE CAN SEE NORMAL STARS AND THE NORMAL GLITTERING INTERPLANETARY BACKDROP. THE STARS, MOONS AND PLANETS IMMEDIATELY BEYOND KATELLA, WE REALISE WITH A START, ARE ACTUALLY BETWEEN US AND THE HUGE, HANGING VASTNESS OF THE GOAT IN THE BACKGROUND. THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF THIS DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD IS TO HAMMER HOME TO THE READER THAT THE GOAT IS THE BIGGEST THING THAT THEY HAVE EVER SEEN, OR EVEN IMAGINED. THE SOLITARY CAPTION BOX FLOATS SOMEWHERE THAT IS PROMINENT, SO THAT IT WON'T BE MISSED, BUT IS TINY AND ISOLATED TO EMPHASISE EVEN MORE THE VASTNESS OF THE HUGE MACHINE-THING THAT IS THE GOAT AS IT HANGS SUSPENDED THERE IN THE EERIE SILENCE OF OUTER SPACE.

CAPTION : And then you have the Goat.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE A REACTION SHOT OF THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS INSIDE BIG BROTHER'S CONTROL CABIN. THEY ARE ALL FACING US, PRESUMABLY LOOKING UP AT THE IMAGE OF THE GOAT ON SOME OFF-PANEL MONITOR SCREEN..HOPEFULLY A WIDE ONE...THAT IS OUT OF SIGHT TO US SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREGROUND BEHIND US. KOMBAT SITS IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING UP WITH HIS EYES FULL OF HEAVY, DESPAIRING RESIGNATION. BEHIND HIM, WE SEE THE SIX YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS, OR AS MANY AS WILL FIT. JOHNNY PANIC HAS DROPPED TO HIS KNEES, AND HAS SIMPLY THROWN UP ON THE FLOOR. WE CANNOT SEE THE VOMIT, BUT HE WIPES AT LONG STRANDS OF SALIVA THAT HANG FROM HIS MOUTH WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND. TWILIGHT TURNS AWAY AND COVERS HER FACE. LEONARD, SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, HAS TEARS BRIMMING IN HIS EYES. DOC ROCKET, SHAFT AND SUPREMA ALL LOOK TOO APPALLED AND STUNNED TO MAKE ANY REACTION AT ALL. THEY ALL GAZE UP AT US WITH HORRIFIED, UNCOMPREHENDING EXPRESSIONS.

CAPTION : It takes the Youngblood members a short while before they even understand what they are looking at.

CAPTION : The boy Jo-Neepanik simply kneels and vomits. Nobody chastises him. The pilot Len-Arrdoyle and the woman Twilight both begin, silently, to weep.

CAPTION : This is understandable. We are all of us but little animals, and now there comes a hunter in the woods.

CAPTION : And in his bag are worlds.

CAPTION : And strung about his belt are fresh-killed suns.

PANEL 2.

NOW A SHOT FROM BELOW, DOWN ON THE ABANDONED SURFACE OF THE PLANET KATELLA ANDLOOKING UP TOWARDS THE SKY ABOVE. BIG

PAGE 12.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

BROTHER IS RISING VERTICALLY AND DETERMINEDLY AWAY FROM US, ROCKET JETS BLAZING FROM THE UNDERSOLES OF HIS FEET. HE LIFTS AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE SKY ABOVE, WHERE ONCE MORE WE HAVE THE SORT OF BLURRY KIND OF ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH EFFECT WHICH I THINK MIGHT LOOK GOOD TO SUGGEST THE DISTANT, MASSIVE FORM OF THE GOAT. I REMEMBER PAUL MAVRIDES TELLING ME THAT YOU COULD GET THE EFFECT BY GETTING A PICTURE OF WHAT YOU WANTED DRAWN UP, THEN REDUCE IT TO, LIKE, SOME REALLY TINY SCALE, AND THEN GET IT SCREENED FOR HALF TONES WHILE ITS STILL TINY, AND THEN ENLARGE THE RESULT. THIS IS PROBABLY TOO COMPLICATED AN EFFECT TO USE HERE, BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING SIMILAR THAT COULD BE DONE ON THE COMPUTER COLORING OR SOMETHING. WHATEVER LOOKS GOOD TO YOU, STEVE, BASICALLY. HERE, BIG BROTHER LIFTS OFF TOWARDS THE BADLY DEPOPULATED SKY ABOVE, VERY PURPOSEFULLY.

CAPTION : While they sit there considering in a stunned, bleak silence, I relate to them all that I know about the Goat.

CAPTION : The race that built it are, of course, long dead. They were an ancient folk when all the known worlds were yet young.

CAPTION : Their real name is forgotten. Usually, they are referred to as the GLOGLA-MAAKTA, which means "stupid little balls of dung".

CAPTION : In need of minerals for their ever-expanding technological developments, these Glogla-Maakta built the Goat orignally to mass-mine a nearby asteroid belt.

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE HAVE A DRAMATIC SHOT OF BIG BROTHER AS HE MOVES THROUGH SPACE TOWARDS THE STUPEFYING BULK OF THE GOAT, WHICH IS PARTLY VISIBLE HANGING IN THE FAR BACKGROUND, WITH SOME OF THE STARS IN THE INTERSTELLAR BACKDROP SUSPENDED BETWEEN US AND IT. BIG BROTHER LOOKS TITANIC AS HE STRUGGLES FORWARD THROUGH THE INTERPLANETARY DEBRIS, HEADING INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE INCONCEIVABLE BULK OF THE GOAT, SUSPENDED IN THE FAR BACKGROUND. METEORS STRIKE SPARKS AGAINST HIS CASING, WHICH IS LIT BY THE FURNACE-GLOW OF ALIEN SUNS.

CAPTION : The Goat, of course, was nowhere near as big then, not much larger than a sizeable space-station.

CAPTION : Over two centuries it slowly ate the asteroids. Inside the Goat, like stomach-bacteria, tiny nano-mechanisms digested chunks of debris.

CAPTION : Extracting raw elements, other nano-machines used them to build anything the Glogla-Maakta wanted. The Goat absorbed any surplus, constantly rebuilding and extending itself.

CAPTION : Having eaten all the asteroids, the Goat defined a nearby planet as merely another asteroid belt where the rocks were all conveniently in one place.

PAGE 13.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE BIG BROTHER, IN THE MAIN CONTROL CABIN. KOMBAT AND THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOD MEMBERS STAND OR SIT AROUND IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING MOSTLY AWAY FROM US TOWARDS A WALL OF SCREENS IN THE BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE GOAT AS BIG BROTHER APPROACHES IT. LEONARD, SITTING IN HIS WHEELCHAIR AT THE MAIN CONSOLE, LOOKS TENSE AND GRIM, AS DOES EVERYBODY ELSE.

CAPTION : Next, it ate a neighbouring gas-giant, at which point the Stupid Little Balls of Dung finally became alarmed and launched their weapons at it.

CAPTION : It ate them. Next it ate the Glogla Maakta themselves. Then it ate their sun. Finally, much bigger, it went looking for another solar system.

CAPTION : This, of course, was several billion years ago. Its appetite has grown since then. It has no mind, no thoughts, no plan. It simply eats.

CAPTION : Everything.

CAPTION : We cannot destroy it, divert it, or bargain with it. There is only one way for us to go...

PAGE 14.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, THE ENTIRE OF THE BACKGROUND IS FILLED BY THE GOAT. TO BE MORE PRECISE, ALMOST THE ENTIRE OF THE BACKGROUND IS FILLED BY ONE OF THE GOAT'S ARTIFICIAL WELL-LIKE MOUTHS. WE CAN ACTUALLY SEE BITS OF STARS AND SUNS, SURROUNDED BY BURNING STELLAR GAS, AS THEY ARE SUCKED OVER THE RIM OF THE WELL TO POUR DOWN INSIDE IT IN A PHOSPHORECENT CASCADE, FALLING AWAY FROM US INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE GOAT, SOME OF THEM SEEMING TO TRICKLE DOWN THE HUGE METAL SIDE OF THE ENORMOUS THROAT-WELL, LEAVING BURNING TRACERS BEHIND THEM. THE FORM OF BIG BROTHER, FAIRLY SMALL HERE, HANGS SUSPENDED SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE MIDDLE OF THE PANEL, FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THIS HORRIFYING STAR-DRAIN WHICH FILLS THE BACKGROUND.

CAPTION : ...and that is IN.

CAPTION : It takes us some time to reach it. When it fills our screens and seems bigger than existence itself, we are still LIGHT-MONTHS away.

CAPTION : Of course, given its scale and mass, the Goat exerts tremendous gravity.

CAPTION : We watch gaseous stellar clusters sucked into one of its great round mouths like suds into a drain.

CAPTION : Issuing final, frantic bursts of X-Rays, the stars scream once, for only radio-telescopes to hear, then die.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE ACTUALLY JUST INSIDE THE RIM OF THE "THROAT" OF THE GOAT. UP TOWARDS THE TOP LEFT CORNER OF THE PANEL, A DIAGONAL LINE MARKS THE RIM OF THE GOAT'S MOUTH, BEYOND WHICH WE CAN

PAGE 14.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SEE THE DISTANT STARS. THE AFOREMENTIONED HUGE GLOBS OF BURNING STELLAR GAS AND MATTER ARE POURING LIKE VISCOUS, BLAZING LIQUID OVER THE SIDES OF THE WELL AND DOWN THE THROAT, TOWARDS THE LOWER RIGHT OF OUR PANEL HERE. THIS IS IN THE BACKGROUND. UP IN THE FOREGROUND, OTHER BURNING GLOBS OF BROKEN STARS AND THEIR ATTENDANT PLUMES OF WHITE-HOT GAS ARE FALLING ALONG THE SAME TRAJECTORY. TUMBLING PRECARIOUSLY AMONGST THESE HUGE BALLS OF FIRE WE SEE THE RELATIVELY TINY FORM OF BIG BROTHER. THE GIANT ROBOT IS FALLING BACKWARDS TOWARDS THE BOTTOM RIGHT CORNER, ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, ITS ARMS OUTFLUNG IN FRONT OF IT AS THE MASSIVE SUCTION AND GRAVITY OF THE GOAT'S TRACHEA DRAWS IT INEXORABLY BACKWARDS. FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE OFNTHE ACTUAL LINING OF THE GOAT'S THROAT IN THE BACKGROUND, IT IS COMPOSED OF UNBELIEVABLY MASSIVE STEEL PLATES, LIKE THE BEATEN-OUT HULLS OF MONSTROUS BATTLESHIPS.

CAPTION : When we finally slip past the edge, great globs of solar matter, stretched and burning like atomic taffy, plummet all about us.

CAPTION : I do not know if all of us are screaming, only that I am. Even Vemi-Goran has deserted me.

CAPTION : Instead, I feel UTUMAY. This translates as "A paralysed terror which may be mistaken for calm and dignified acceptance."

CAPTION : Ahead of us, something is grinding up suns. We must find some way off of this terrible conveyor belt.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1.

TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE LOKING DOWN FROM A VANTAGE POINT UP ABOVE BIG BROTHER AS HE SOMEHOW BREAKS OR BLASTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE INCEDIBLY THICK METAL JACKETTING OF THE GOAT'S WINDPIPE AND STRUGGLES UP THROUGH IT TOWARDS US, HAVING BROKEN THROUGH INTO THE STRANGE, ALIEN-MACHINERY LINED CAVERNS AND CAVITIES THAT ARE THE INNARDS OF THIS MASSIVE STAR-EATING ROBOT. LOOKING DOWN PAST BIG BROTHER'S STRUGGLING GIANT BODY AS HE DANGLES THERE PRECARIOUSLY WE CAN SEE THE LUMPS OF BURNING SUNS STILL CONTINUING TO FALL DOWN THE GOAT'S METAL THROAT, DOWN BELOW HIS FEET IN THE BACKGROUND, TRAILING TAILS OF BURNING GAS AND DEBRIS.

CAPTION : Fortunately, this Big Brother device is extraordinarily powerful and capable, tearing an exit for us in the walls of this apocalyptic gullet.

CAPTION : Thus, we now have access to the innards of the Goat, though this avails us nothing. We are less than microbes in its massive system.

CAPTION : Not that it has anything like a biology in any ordinary sense. Its veins are monstrous steel canals where oceans full of oil cascade.

CAPTION : Its nerves are cables thicker than a city.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE HAVE A LOW-ANGLE SHOT, LOOKING UP AT BIG BROTHER AS HE STANDS TOWERING ABOVE US, MOTIONLESS AND IN REPOSE. HE IS STANDING INSIDE ONE OF THE EYE-BOGGLINGLY MASSIVE INTERIOR SPACES OF THE GOAT, THE DISTANT WALLS LINES WITH INCOMPREHENSIBLE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY. AN AIRLOCK DOOR IS OPEN IN BIG BROTHER'S CHEST, AND THROUGH IT KOMBAT AND THE VARIOUS YONGBLOOD MEMBERS ARE EMERGING TO SCOUT OUT THE INTERIOR OF THE GOAT. SUPREMA SOARS OUT UNDER HER OWN POWER, NOT WEARING ANY BREATHING APPARATUS, UNLIKE EVERYONE ELSE. DOC ROCKET RUNS OUT THROUGH THE OPEN AIRLOCK DOOR, DOWN BIG BROTHER'S LEG AND UP ONE OF THE HUGE HANGAR'S WALLS, LEAVING A STREA OF SPEEDLINES BEHIND HER. SHE IS WEARING A BUBBLE-LIKE LIGHTWEIGHT OXYGEN HELMET THAT PERHAPS HAS A SMALL TANK OF HIGHKLY COMPRESSED AIR CLIPPED TO IT SIDE. EVERYONE ELSE APART FROM SUPREMA IS ALSO WEARING ONE OF THESE. ALSO EMERGING FROM THE OPEN HATCH IN BIG BROTHER'S CHEST WE SEE A COUPLE OF THE LITTLE SKY-CYCLE THINGS THAT WE SAW TWILIGHT RIDING IN THE OPENING PAGES OF THE YOUNGBLOOD SECTION IN GIL KANE'S JUDGEMENT DAY AFTERMATH. IN OR ONE ONE OF THESE WE SEE JOHNNY PANIC IN THE FRONT SEAT WITH THE MUCH LARGER KOMBAT CLINGING ON BEHIND HIM. BOTH ARE WEARING BREATHER-HELMETS. ANOTHER SKY-CAR/CYCLE HAS TWILIGHT SITTING IN THE FRONT SEAT, WEARING A HELMET, WHILE A SIMILARLY HELMETED SHAFT SITS ON THE PILLION BEHIND HER, CLINGING AROUND HER WAIST PERHAPS MORE TIGHTLY THAN IS ABSOLUTELY CALLED FOR BY THE DICTATES OF SAFETY.

CAPTION : Having secured our craft, we disembark so that we may explore the unimagineable interior of the Goat.

CAPTION : It is a Universe unto itself, its engines powered by plundered suns, cooled by the stolen seas and rivers of a billion worlds.

CAPTION : It has no atmosphere, the atmospheres it has absorbed all sorted into their component gasses; stored elsewhere within the monster's innards for its future use.

CAPTION : This is most fearful and amazing. I do not believe that I have heard of any life-form setting foot within the Goat before.

PAGE 16.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE FOCUS ON SUPREMA, WHO HAS GONE OFF ON HER OWN TO EXPLORE THE HUGE STAR-HARVESTER. SHE HANGS IN SPACE IN THE FOREGROUND, IN A FLYING POSE AND LOOKING AWAY FROM US SLIGHTLY TOWARDS THE SEARING BRIGHTNESS OF THE BACKGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE THE TOP HEMISPHERE OF A SUN ABOUT THE SIZE OF OUR OWN, THE LOWER HEMISPHERE ALREADY VANISHED INTO A KIND OF CIRCULAR FIELD OF CRACKLING ENERGY CONTAINED WITHIN A VAST HOOP-LIKE

PAGE 17.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO VERTICAL PANELS. IN THIS FIRST ONE, WE ARE BACK IN THE SPOT INSIDE THE GOAT WHERE THE TEAM LEFT THE HUGE BIG BROTHER ROBOT STANDING. WE SEE MAYBE ITS LOWER HALF RISING UP AND OFF THE TOP PANEL BORDER IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND. DOWN AROUND ITS FEET AND CRAWLING UP ITS MONSTROUS LEGS THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF CYBERNETIC CRAB-LIKE CREATURES, EACH ABOUT THE SIZE OF A LARGE SIX-LEGGED MASTIFF OR GREAT DANE. DOWN IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE SHAFT BLOWING APART ONE OF THE CREATURES IN MID AIR WITH AN EXPLOSIVE ARROW WHILE TWILIGHT DESTROYS A COUPLE MORE WITH VICIOUS KUNG-FU MOVES, BUT THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY OF THE CREATURES TO DEFEAT. IN THE UPPER BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THE OTHER AIR-CAR, WITH JOHNNY PANIC AND KOMBAT ON BOARD AS IT TOO RETURNS TO FIND BIG BROTHER SEMI-ENGULFED IN THE ROBOTIC MICRO-ORGANISMS, A KIND OF CYBERNETIC ANTIBODY WITH WHICH THE GOAT CAN SUCCESSFULLY REPEL OR ASSIMILLATE ANT FOREIGN BODIES WITHIN ITS SYSTEM.

CAPTION : By the time we have returned to it, the Brother-craft is over-run by crab-like cyber-organisms.

CAPTION : Having first identified the giant robot vessel as a foreign body, the cybernetic crabs are mindlessly attempting its atomic disassembly.

CAPTION : They prove difficult to dislodge. Even blowing them to pieces with the new explosive arrows Jefter has does little good.

CAPTION : The largest piece remaining simply crawls around until it finds enough scrap parts to build itself again.

CAPTION : After a brief discussion, we reach the unanimous conclusion that the best place for us all to be is somewhere else.

PANEL 2.

NOW MAYBE A LOW ANGLE SHOT, IN WHICH WE SEE BIG BROTHER, WITH EVERYBODY SAFELY BACK ON BOARD, AS THE GIANT ROBOT LIFTS OFF AWAY FROM US IN A ROAR OF JETFIRE WHICH ILLUMINATES IT FROM BELOW, RISING UP AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE INCREDIBLY DISTANT CEILING OF THIS GIANT, HANGAR-LIKE SECTION OF THE GOAT'S INSIDES. AS BIG BROTHER RISES, THE ROBO-CRABS FALL FROM HIS LEGS; ARE MELTED BY THE JET BLASTS FROM HIS FLAMING HEELS.

CAPTION : Safely aboard our steel colossus as it rises with the scuttling robots falling from its heels like dust, we are all sombre. No-one speaks.

CAPTION : I think we have at last all understood the sheer impossibility of what we hoped to do.

CAPTION : We cannot harm the goat. We cannot stop it in its course, or turn it back.

CAPTION : Though we should hurl vast mountains at it from now till the end of Time, the Goat will never even be aware of our existence.

CAPTION : I believe my human friends are starting to develop their own sense of Vemi-Goran.

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1.

TWO PANELS. IN THIS FIRST ONE, IN WHAT IS ALMOST A CUTAWAY SHOT, WE SEE THE HUGE FIGURE OF BIG BROTHER AS HE VALIENTLY BURROWS HIS WAY OUT THROUGH THE SURFACE OF THE GOAT, THIS SURFACE BEING THICKER THAN MOST SOLAR SYSTEMS. EFFECTIVELY, THE WHOLE PANEL IS A SOLID-PACKED CONFUSION OF PIPES, MACHINERY, DUCTS AND CABLES, ALL IMMENSELY HUGE, THROUGH WHICH BIG BROTHER TUNNELS, RISING HEAD FIRST UP TOWARDS THE TOP RIGHT OF THE PANEL AS HIS JETS DRIVE HIM FORWARD, HIS ARMS SCOOPING MACHINE DEBRIS OUT OF HIS WAY BEFORE HIM AS HE GOES, LEAVING A TUNNEL THROUGH THE MACHINERY BEHIND HIM LIKE THAT LEFT BY A MAGGOT CHEWING THROUGH A STACK OF PAPERS. HE BOOT JETS FLARE MIGHTILY.

CAPTION : Burrowing out through the Goat's epidermis takes two or three days.

CAPTION : When everything surrounding us is nothing but machinery, it becomes fearfully easy to forget there is a Universe outside, not filled with pipes and cables.

CAPTION : Of course, this is also a vision of the future if, or rather when, we fail in our attempt to halt this dire machine.

CAPTION : It will eat everything. It will get bigger. In the end, there will not be a Universe.

CAPTION : There will only be the Goat.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE FINALLY OUT IN SPACE, OUTSIDE THE CONFINES OF THE GOAT, THE MONSTROUS CURVE OF WHICH WE CAN SEE TAKING UP MUCH OF THE LOWER BACKGROUND HERE, INCREDIBLY FAR AWAY BUT INCREDIBLY VAST. RISING UP TOWARDS US AWAY FROM IT WE SEE THE HUGE BIG BROTHER VESSEL, PERHAPS EERILY UNDERLIT BY THE REFLECTED STARLIGHT SHINING FROM THE SURFACE OF THE GOAT. BIG BROTHER'S CHEST HATCH IS OPEN, AND WE SEE SUPREMA STREAKING OUT FROM IT TOWARDS US, MUCH CLOSER TO US THAN BIG BROTHER IS, SOMEWHERE DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND OF THE PANEL HERE. SHE HAS A DETERMINED LOOK UPON HER FACE.

CAPTION : By the time we've broken through to the exterior, we have discussed all manner of impractical, wild schemes to stop the Goat.

CAPTION : Jefter says "If this was a real Goat, we could just tether it to some point in the lawn so it went round in circles."

CAPTION : Jo-Neepanik says "Oh, sure! And if it was a real Goat we could milk it, or just dig a pit for it to fall down."

CAPTION : And the woman who pretends to be sacred Suprema makes her eyes go narrow, sticks her jaw out and says "Hmmm."

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE IN BIG BROTHER'S CONTROL PANEL, WITH KOMBAT, LEONARD, SHAFT, TWILIGHT, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY OANIC ALL FACING UP AND AWAY FROM US TOWARDS A BIG MONITOR SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND. ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE AN IMAGE OF SUPREMA FROM BEHIND AS SHE SOARS DIRECTLY AWAY FROM US TOWARDS A GIGANTIC WHITE HOT SUN THAT HANGS BEYOND HER AGAINST THE STARRY BACKDROP OF SPACE.

EVERYONE STARES TOWARDS THE SCREEN IN AWE AS ON IT, SUPREMA FLIES COURAGEOUSLY STRAIGHT FOR THE SEARING HEART OF THE GIANT WHITE STAR. SHE LOOKS POWERFUL AND INSPIRING, AND MAYBE WE CAN SEE UP HER SKIRT.

CAPTION : She explains her plan to us, and I laugh to show I understand the joke. How brave, to keep pretending though we are all doomed.

CAPTION : Nobody else is laughing.

CAPTION : The pretend Suprema ventures out alone towards a nearby Giant White Star, within a system that is uninhabited.

CAPTION : Communicating by throat-microphone she tells us she intends to fly into the huge star's nuclear heart. Again, nobody laughs.

CAPTION : Of course, she cannot really be Suprema.

PANEL 2.

WE ARE NOW ACTUIALLY INSIDE THE WHITE HOT, BURNING HEART OF A STAR. THERE IS NO BACKGROUND EXCEPT FOR CHURNING, TERRIFYING NUCLEAR BRILLIANCE. HANGING IN THE CENTRE OF THIS, ALMOST RENDERED INVISIBLE BEACUSE SHE IS SO BRIGHTLY LIT FROM ALL SIDES AT ONCE, WE SEE SUPREMA. SHE HAS BOTH HANDS RAISED IN FRONT OF HER FACE, AS IF SHE WERE HOLDING UP AN INVISIBLE MEDICINE BALL. WE AN EXPRESSION OF FIERCE CONCENTRATION, SHE IS DIRECTING THE EYE BEAMS OF BOTH EYES IN TO WHERE THEY MEET AT A SINGLE BLINGING POINT OF LIGHT. SHE IS DOING SOME SORT OF MICROSCOPIC LASER-SURGERY ON THE VERY ATOMS OF THE SUN THEMSELF.

CAPTION : Nor can she actually be, as she informs us, currently inside the bloated sun, attempting to speed up its fusion processes.

CAPTION : First, she says, she will accellerate the fusion of Hydrogen atoms with the solar core, then Helium atoms and so on through the Periodic Table.

CAPTION : She hopes to thus condense the sun's whole fifteen-billion-year nuclear life-cycle to a few short days.

CAPTION : Eventually, having consumed most of the elements from which it is composed, the sun will try to fuse with its own Iron atoms.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL MOST OF THE BACKGROUND IS TAKEN UP BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE SUN AS SUPREMA SENDS IT NOVA,

GIANT GOBBETS OF SOLAR GAS AND AWE SENT SPURTING OUT BLAZING INTO SPACE. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WE SEE THE LIMP

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

AND BURNING BODY OF SUPREMA BEING FLUNG FORWARD HELPLESSLY BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION, THE SEETHING WHITE BLAST OF IT HOT AT HER BACK HIGHER UP THE PANEL AND FURTHER INTO THE BACKGROUND WE ALSO SEE THE MUCH BIGGER FORM OF BIG BROTHER AS HE TOO IS SENT HURTLING HEAD OVER HEELS BACKWARDS INTO SPACE BY THE FORCE OF THE SOLAR EXPLOSION THAT TEARS INTO THE PANEL FROM THE RIGHT HAND SIDE HERE, BLASTING EVERYTHING TOWARDS THE LEFT.

CAPTION : Iron, of course, cannot be fused.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE BACK INSIDE THE CONTROL CABIN OF BIG BROTHER. LYING ON A HIGH TECH STRETCHER WITH HER HEAD TOWARDS US IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE CHARRED, UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF SUPREMA. HER HAIR AND CLOTHING HAS MOSTLY BEEN BURNED OFF, AND HER SKIN IS BLACK AND SMOULDERING. TWILIGHT AND LEONARD BOTH CROUCH TO EITHER SIDE OF HER, ATTENDING TO HER AND MAYBE TRYING TO DRESS HER UNBELIEVABLE BURNS, BURNS WHICH NOTHING OTHER THAN SUPREMA COULD POSSIBLY SURVIVE. LOOKING BEYOND THEM, WE SEE THE REST OF THE TEM ALL STANDING FACING AWAY FROM US UP TOWARDS THE GIANT SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND. ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE A HUGE BLACK HOLE FORMING A THE POINT IN SPACE WHERE THE SUN THA JUST EXPLODED USED TO BE. I FIGURE WHAT WE SEE IS AN ELLIPSE OF BLACKNESS, ITS RIM ILLUMINATED BY THE WHITE HOT STREAMS OF INTERSTELLAR MATTER THAT IT IS ALREADY SUCKING TOWARDS ITSELF, OVER THE SIDES OF ITS RIM AND DOWN ITS INCONCEIVABLE GIZZARD. YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND SOME SCIENCE BOOK OR MAGAZINE WITH A COOL COMPUTER-GENERATED IMAGE OF A BLACK HOLE THAT WILL HELP PROVIDE REFERENCE FOR THIS, IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

CAPTION : Normally when a star explodes it leaves a burned-out cinder. If the star is of sufficient magnitude, however, something else occurs.

CAPTION : It collapses, atomically, upon itself. It becomes so heavy that it sinks a great steep pocket into the elastic skin of Space-Time.

CAPTION : We call it the QU-NU, the female abyss of Space. The Earth people know it as the Black Hole.

CAPTION : We find Suprema's body in deep space. She is burned black, but still alive. Her flesh begins to heal itself while we are watching.

CAPTION : Forgive me, Divine One. Forgive me for doubting.

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SEE BIG BROTHER DOING HIS BEST TO HURTLE TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE MONSTROUS PULL OF THE BY-NOW GAPING BLACK HOLOE

<u>PAGE 21.</u>

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THAT WE SEE HANGING SUSPENDED IN SPACE BEHIND HIM. THE HOLE HAS SUCKED IN PART OF A NEARBY STAR AND IS WHIRLING THE STAR AROUND IN A BLINDING SMEAR, A GREAT WHIRLING ARC OUTSIDE THE HOLES PERIMETER. THE STAR IS BREAKING UP UNDER THE TERRIBLE FORCE OF THIS MONSTROUS CENTRIFUGAL WALTZ. BIG BROTHER STRUGGLES TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE CHAOTIC HELL OF THE BLACK HOLE SPINNING BEHIND HIM.

CAPTION : Now we must save ourselves. The Qu-Nu that Suprema has created is of unexpected size and power. It takes all our strength to get away.

CAPTION : The hole itself is spinning at about a quarter of the speed of light. A luckless nearby star is drawn into its awful, whirling dance.

CAPTION : The hole, a strong, dark man, twirls his doomed, shining partner round; tears her to pieces as he does so.

CAPTION : This Mass, this screaming Gravity, this is the very soul of Chaos. None that live should witness this.

PANEL 2.

NOW THE BLACK HOLE IS VISIBLE, HANGING THERE AND LOOKING STRANFGE AND APOCALYPTIC UP TOWARDS THE UPPER LEFT BACKGROUND. DOWN IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND OF THE PANEL, WE CAN NSEE A FRACTION OF THE CURVE OF THE GOAT'S HULL AS THE IMPOSSIBLY VAST CRAFT STARTS TO MOVE SLOWLY TOWARDS THE BLACK HOLE IN THE BACKGROUND. THERE IS NO NEED TO SEE BIG BROTHER HERE. IF HE HAS ANY SENSE, HE'S SOMEWHERE A LONG WAY AWAY.

CAPTION : The Goat, however, does not live, is no more conscious than a frame of counting beads.

CAPTION : The Goat, in as much as it perceives anything, perceives the monster Qu-Nu as a bigger, denser asteroid.

CAPTION : Bigger. Denser. More appetising.

CAPTION : In so far as it can be said to know, the Goat knows that it can eat anything.

CAPTION : The Black Hole, on the other hand, is nothing but the awful, screaming throat of God, and it knows differently.

CAPTION : The Goat approaches. At the light-threshold, the event-horizon, it appears to pause for thought, eternally, but this is an illusion.

<u>PAGE 22.</u>

PANEL 1.

A BIG FULL PAGE PICTURE NOW. WE SEE THE GOAT AND THE BLACK HOLE AS THEY BOTH DRAW TOGETHER AND ATTEMPT TO EAT EACH OTHER. THE BLACK HOLE IS SUCKING MATTER AWAY FROM THE GOAT, PART OF WHICH IS CRUMBLING UNDER THE FORCE EXERTED UPON IT.

THE GOAT, MEANWHILE, IS DISTORTING THE SHAPE OF THE BLACK HOLE AT ONE EDGE AS IT TRIES TO SUCK THE VAST STELLAR PHENOMENON INTO ITS MECHANICAL JAWS. THE TWO SWIRL AND SPIN IN A MIND BENDING DANCE OF DEATH. GOOD LUCK WITH THIS ONE, STEVE. YOU'RE ON YOUR

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

OWN.

CAPTION : By then, two infinitely ravenous destructive forces are each biting off more than they possibly can chew.

CAPTION : By then, the Titans are devouring one another.

PAGE 23.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE INSIDE THE SICK-BAY THAT HAS ITS OWN CHAMBER WITHIN BIG BROTHER. IN THE FOREGROUND, ONLY PARTLY VISIBLE, WE CAN SEE THE HEAVILY BANDAGED BODY OF SUPREMA, RESTING THERE UPON A HIGH TECH HOSPITAL TYPE BED, WITH FULL LIFE SUPPORT. SITTING BESIDE THE BED IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, LOOKING UNUSUALLY CONCERNED AND ANXIOUS, WE SEE LEONARD AS HE SITS IN VIGIL OVER THE COMATOSE HEROINE. LOOKING PAST LEONARD INTO THE NEAR BACKGROUND WE SEE THE WARD TO THE SICK BAY BEING OPENED FROM THE OTHER SIDE AS KOMBAT COMESINTO THE ROOM, LOOKING AT THE PAIR IN THE FOREGROUND AS HE DOES SO WITH A SYMPATHETIC LOOK. LEONARD DOESN'T EVEN LOOK ROUND AS KOMBAT ENTERS THE ROOM BEHIND HIM, SO ENGROSSED IS HEIN SUPREMA'S CONDITION.

CAPTION : On our way home, I go to our vessel's sick-bay so that I might pay my ritual obeisance to Divine Suprema.

CAPTION : All the others are incredulous. They had not believed her when she mentioned being worshipped as a Goddess throughout several Galaxies.

CAPTION : They are fools, as I was a fool. There is no mistaking her white mane, now it is starting to grow back.

CAPTION : Whole libraries of poems have been written on the subject of her thighs alone. She is the Beautiful Deliverer.

CAPTION : Only our pilot, Len-Arrdoyle, sits by her bed each day while she recovers. Strange: earlier, I'd thought him hostile or indifferent to her.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE ONCE MORE ON THE SURFACE OF THE KATELLAN HOME PLANET, THE STATELY BUILDINGS OF WHICH STRETCH ABOUT US. IN THE FOREGROUND, VERY SMALL, KOMBAT STANDS FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, RAISING HIS HAND IN A GESTURE OF FAREWELL. FACING US AND KOMBAT FROM THE BACKGROUND WE SEE THE IMMENSE FORM OF BIG BROTHER, WHICH IS ALSO RAISING ONE OF ITS GIANT ROBOT HANDS AS IT RETURNS THE KATELLAN'S FAREWELL GESTURE.

PAGE 23.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

CAPTION : They set me down upon Katella, where the first wave of relieved ex-refugees are already returning home.

CAPTION : Jefter's new Youngblood are a very different unit from the former team, where I was proud to serve.

CAPTION : They are young, and undisciplined, and if you use the Maakta-Chamber after them the smell is bad, but still they have a great nobility.

CAPTION : Vemi-Goran, of course, tells me that our old team began just as enthusiastically, only to end in bitter tears, but then, enough of that.

CAPTION : I wish them well.

CAPTION : I hope the future will be kind to them.

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1.

NOW, FOR A CHANGE, WE HAVE A SIX PANEL PAGE FOR OUR FINAL EPILOGUE, PROBABLY IN THREE TIERS OF TWO REGULAR SIZED PANELS EACH. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE ONCE MORE IN THE SICK BACK, ONCE MORE WITH SUPREMA'S HEAVILY BANDAGED BDY LYING HORIZONTALLY ACROSS THE FOREGROUND, HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS BEING OFF PANEL RIGHT, WHERE HER SPEECH BALLOON ISSUES FROM. SITTING JUST BEYOND HER, BESIDE HER HOSPITAL BED, WE SEE LEONARD. HE IS STARTING TO TURN AWAY FROM US AND THE BED TO LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE SICK BAY DOOR, OVER IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND BEHIND HIM. THE DOOR IS OPEN, AND TWILIGHT IS STEPPING THROUGH IT INTO THE SICK BAY, SPEAKING TO LEONARD AS SHE DOES SO. SUPREMA'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL ON THE RIGHT, WHERE HER HEAD IS.

CAPTION : ***Epilogue:***

TWILIGHT : Hey, Leonard. How's she doing?

LEONARD : Fine. She...

SUPREMA (OFF) : Linda? It's okay. I'm CONSCIOUS.

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO HAT NOW TWILIGHT STANDS FRAMED IN THE OPEN DOORWAY, FACING AWAY FROM US ROUGHLY HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. SHE SMILES AS SHE LOOKS FONDLY TOWARDS THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE THE BANDAGED SUPREMA SITTING UP IN BED. SHE STILL HAS A DRESSING ON ONE SIDE OF HER FACE, BUT THE REST OF IT IS HEALED. HER HAIR, THOUGH VERY SHORT, IS NOTICEABLY STARTING TO GROW BACK. SHE SILES AT TWILIGHT. LEONARD, SITTING IN HIS WHEELCHAIR TO OUR

RIGHT OF HER BED, WAVES ONE HAND IN RESIGNATION AT SUPREMA'S BLASE ATTITUDE.

TWILIGHT : Welcome BACK. Sally, you know, you really SCARED us.

TWILIGHT : I mean, even *I* didn't know you could survive sending a SUN nova!

LEONARD : HUH! Neither did SHE! I told her, she should be more CAREFUL...

PAGE 24.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN, SO THAT LEONARD AND SUPREMA ARE BOTH SIDE BY SIDE, FACING SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US IN THE FOREGROUND TO WHERE TWILIGHT STANDS OVER BY THE DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND. SUPREMA SMILES WITH VAGUE BEWILDERMENT. LEONARD LAUGHS. ITS ONE OF THE FIRST TIMES WE'VE ACTUALLY SEEN HIM LAUGH. HE LOOKS HAPPY AND DELIGHTED. TWILIGHT LOOKS ON IN FRANK DISBELIEF FROM WHERE SHE STANDS AT THE DOOR.

SUPREMA : Leonard's MOTHERING me. Actually, he makes a GOOD mother.

SUPREMA : He keeps telling me he's really one BAD mother, but I don't understand him.

LEONARD : HA HA HA! Sally, I TOLD you. "Bad Mother" doesn't MEAN that...

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE SEE A SIDE ON SHOT WITH TWILIGHT JUST EXCUSING HERSELF AND BACKING BACK OUT OF THE SICK BAY DOOR, FULL FIGURE OVER TO THE LEFT AND FACING RIGHT. OVER ON THE RIGHT, SUPREMA SITS UP IN BED WHILE LEONARD SITS BESIDE HER IN HIS WHEELCHAIR. BOTH LEONARD AND SUPREMA SMILE AND LIFT THEIR HANDS GOOD-NATUREDLY IN FAREWELL AS THEY SAY GOODBYE TO TWILIGHT. THEY BOTH SEEM TO BE IN AN UNUSUALLY GOOD MOOD. TWILIGHT STILL LOOKS A LITTLE MYSTIFIED BY THIS.

TWILIGHT : Uh, well, look, anyway, I only looked in to see how you WERE. I'll get back to the others.

SUPREMA : Sure. 'Bye, Linda.

LEONARD : Yeah, peace. Call me when we reach our SOLAR SYSTEM.

PANEL 5.

NOW WE ARE IN THE CORRIDOR DIRECTLY OUTSIDE THE SICK BAY. TWILIGHT IS JUST COMING THROUGH THE DOOR BACK INTO THE CORRIDOR, FULL FIGURE SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL. OVER TO THE LEFT, AND EXCITED AND AMUSED LOOKING JOHNNY PANIC IS WAITING EAGERLY OUTSIDE THE DOOR FOR HER, TO QUESTION HER AS SHE COMES OUT, CLOSING THE SICK BAY DOOR BEHIND HER. TWILIGHT LOOKS AT HIM DISDAINFULLY AS SHE REPLIES. UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, DOC ROCKET LEANS ON A WALL, LOOKING A LITTLE BITTER AT THE UNFAIRNESS OF LIFE.

JOHNNY : WELL? Are they, like, DOING it?

TWILIGHT : Johnny, that's NOT what I went in to check. Anyway, no they're not. They seem FRIENDLY though.

DOC ROCKET : Men are SO shallow! Wear a HUNDRED different outfits, they'll

IGNORE you...

PANEL 6.
A FINAL SHOT OF BIG BROTHER STREAKING AWAY FROM US THROUGH SPACE. MAYBE IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THE OUTER PLANETS OF OR NATIVE SOLAR SYSTEM, HANGING THERE IN THEIR DIFFERING

PAGE 24.
PANEL 6. (FROM OVER)
ORBITS ABOUT THE SUN. AS BIG BROTHER JETS AWAY FROM US AND TOWARDS HOME, DOC ROCKET'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM INSIDE THE GIANT ROBOT, SOMEWHERE AROUND HIS MID SECTION.
DOC ROCKET (FROM BIG BROTHER) : ...but blow up one lousy SUN...
BOX (UNDER) : NEXT: ***THE MANY WORLDS THEORY!***